An Epicare Analyzing the Animal and Intelnal Properties of the Bivalve.

Pliny tells us that the first person who mais artificial orater beds was Sorgius Orata. He planted them at Baire, in the time of L. Crasens, the crator, just before the Marsic war. He did so, not for the gratification of gluttony, but for avarice, and he received a large ingenuity. He was the first to discover the delicate of flavor that distinguished the oyster of Lake Lucrious from all others, as his classic descendant, Mr. Samuel Ward, was the first to give the premium to the Blue Point. The Brith shores had not as yet sent their supplies Rome. At a later period, however, oysters were brought to Rome all the way from Brundis um, at the very extremity of Italy; and in erier that no rivalry might exist between the to Lake Lucrinus, just as our Virginia oysters are fed on the Long Island beds and slightly peritualized before reaching New York.

Pliny, quoting from Mucianus, who appears to have been a sort of Frank Buckland in his day says that the oyster loves fresh water and spots where numerous rivers discharge themsaires into the sea. The bivalve usually increases in size with the increase of the moon. At the beginning of summer, when the rave of the sun penetrate the shallow water, they are swellen with milk. In every country, compart oysters, without alimy secretions, are the most esteemed. They should never be taken from muddy or sandy spots, but from a firm hard bottom. The meat should be short in fibre and not fleshy; neither should it be precionded with fringe. It should be wholly in the cavity of the shell. Connoisseurs say that a fine purple thread should run around the beard, this being regarded as a sign of superior quality. These threads were called by the Romans "Culliblephara," or the oysters with the beautiful eyebrows.

The ancients, like ourselves, were in the habit of taking a few oysters as a prelude to dinner, and the morsels were favorites at supper. In his Fourth Satire, Juvenal says that the Venus Ebrio supped on large oysters and strong Falernian wine. The Romans were also in the habit of sending presents of oysters to their friends. After his recent visit to England, Mr. S. Ward, like a true classic gentleman, sent a barrel of Blue Points to the Beefsteak Club. In all countries there are records of the ex-

cessive fondness of great men for oysters. Cervantes was an oyster lover. The author of 'The Harvest of the Sea" says that Louis XI., careful lest scholarship should become deficient in France, feasted the learned doctors of the Sarbonne once a year on oysters. Another Louis invested his cook with an order of nobility as a reward for his oyster cookery. Voltaire and Rousseau were both lovers of the oyster, and Turgot used to eat a hundred orsters to what his appetite for breakfast. The encyclopædists were particularly fond of oysters. Helvetius, Diderot, the Abbé Reynal, and others were confirmed oyster eaters. Before the revolution violent politicians were constant patronizers of the Parisian oyster saloons. Danton, Robespierre, and others were fond of the oyster. The great Napoleon used to partake of the great bivalve on the eve of a great battle. Even at this day the consumption of oysters in Paris is enormous. According to recent statistics, the number eaten there is over a million a day. Gambetta laid in a suppor of oysters before his recent great speech.

Among English celebrities Pope and Swift ere oyster enters. Thomson, who know all good things, knew how good a thing are oysters. The learned Dr. Richard Bentley could never pass an oyster shop without investing. Mr. Gladstone, when Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1855, always bad a tray of Ostenda and some thin slices of brown bread and butter brought to him at midday to refresh him in his labor. He doubtless continues this wholesome habit to the present day. But his rival, Disraeli, has always had, like Seneca among the ancients, an Israelitish horror of the mudfattened creature. Though oysters and other mallusks were not disallowed as food for the ancient Jews by any precise definition in the Levitical law, they are regarded as abominable. The Scottish unilescophers of the last century-Hume, Dugald Stewart and others-frequently ate the bivalves. "Oyster ploys," as they were called, were held in the quaint and dingy taverns of the old town of Edinburgh. These Edinburgh orster taverns of the old time were on the celhe floor, and in the long winter evenings carringes rolled up and set down fashionable ladies partake of oysters and porter, plenteously Christopher North and the "Noctes Amprosiana" needs to be told the effect of oysters apon the intellect of Edinburgh of the modern Dublin," has not turned in to Burton Bindon's for oysters? What child of old Trinity who does not remember the nightly ery through her squares of "Fine Poldoody oysters; none of our Westport trash?" In the days of the old Parliament, in College green, there was a noted systershop near by, in a court off Damestreet, at which Grattan, Flood, Cinre, and Castlereagh alike found a delightful common ground on which to gather strength and refreshment O'Connell had an oveter bed close by Derrynane, and always partook of a few bivalves be-

fore inditing a patriotic epistle to "Dear Ray." Of Americans. Webster was passionately fond of oysters. Charles O'Conor has a similar on-sion. Our Judges were and are all patronzers of this delightful delicary. Chief Justice laly's most luminous charges have been almost invariably aided by a preliminary enovment of a score of Shrewsburys, and Chief ustice Shea and the Judges of the Marine ourt are, of course, legitimately attached to his child of the sea. Gen. Scott was a requenter of Fulton Market, Grant has puffed als eiger within its wooden walls, and Hancock aften crosses its threshold.

It was the opinion of Galen that oysters were asort of hybrid production, between animals and plants. But M. Coste, a great syster auhority, a member of the French Institute, sent so explore the coasts of France, says in reports published by the order of the late Emperor of the French, that the oyster, though without a toad and brain has a mouth, stomach, and inestinal duct. If an oyster be carefully opened without injuring his structure and examined in a shallow trough of water the mouth may readily be seen. It is attuated near the hinge of the shell, and is concealed by the folds of the mantle and two pairs of labial laminated contacles. The mouth is a simple transverse arifice without teeth or any triturating organ and leads almost directly to the stomach, the sides of which are perforated by the large hepatic ducts coming from the liver, in the centre of which the stomach is embedded. The liver is of a green color, and consists of a number of small follicles. The biliary secretions are poured into the stomach through the perforations. The intestine, after certain circumvolutions round the other vispers, terminates in an opening on the side of the shell opposite the mouth. The hard, mussumr mass of white substance which is severed by an oyster knife is the adductor muscle, by monus of which the animal is enabled to open and shut the valves. Careful dissection of this substance will reveal a double membranous organ, semi-triangular in form, and of a light yellow color, about the size of two small peas, This is the oyster's heart. It pulsates slowly, and somewhat irregularly. This double organ consists of an auricle and a ventricle. The contractions of the ventricle send the blood through the oyster's entire system. After exygenation in the bronchial vessels it returns again into the nuricle, and thence into the ventricle, to be again propelled through the system. This bronchial apparatus includes two pairs of membranous plates, beautifully striated and floating within the cavity of the shell when the oyster is in its native waters. If a small be placed on glass with a little sait water, and be viewed under a 300-power miaro scope, a beautiful spectacle will be presented. Thousands of tiny cilia lash the water incessantly, causing fresh currents of water to serate

the blood, which flows through the bronchint !

vessels. This is the portion of the oyster commonly called the beard or the gills.

It has long been a matter of dispute whether the oyster is of separate sexes. Some naturalists assort that there are male and female bivalves, but M. Costs states that the hermaphrodite nature of the oyster is clear. At the proper season of the year ove and milt may be seen in the same oyster. The bivalves spawn, but they do not abandon their eggs. They incubate them within the folds of the mantle, between the bronchial lamina, where they remain immersed in the mucous matter necessary to their evolution, and within which em-bryonic development is accomplished. Thus united, the mass formed by these eggs resembles thick cream in color and consistency. Hence, cysters whose mantle contains spawn are called " milky oysters." But the whitish tint characteristic of recently laid eggs takes a shade of light yellow as the evolution proceeds, then a darker yellow, and ends by degen-erating into a brownish gray, or into a decided violet gray. The mass at the same time loses its fluidity in consequence of the gradual absorption of the mucous substance surrounding the eggs. It becomes compact. This shows that the development is drawing near its completion, and that the expulsion of the embryos and their independent existence is near at hand. Already they are able to live without the protection afforded by the maternal organs. The young hatched in the mantle leave the shell. They are provided with a transitory swimming apparatus, which enables them to scatter far and near, and to go in search of some solid body to which they may attach themselves. This apparatus is formed by a kind of ciliated pad, provided with powerful muscles, by the aid of which the animal can at will protrude it from its valves and again re claim it. When the young oyster pins itself to falls off, or, what is more usual, grows smaller and disappears by degrees.

The number of young oysters thus expelled at each emission from the mantle of a single mother cannot be less than from one to two millions. When an oyster bank gives birth to its offspring, the baby cysters float away in a thick cloud, and are scattered by the motion of the water. If they do not meet with something solid on which to fix themselves, their death is certain. Those which do not become a prey to fish that feed on infusoria, end by falling into a medium unsuitable to their ulterior development, and are often swallowed by the mud.

Among the numberless happy creatures which crowd our world, the oyster does not play an obtrusive part. Yet the performance of every function with which the Creator has endowed it brings with it much pleasure and happiness. In the gentle agitation of the water, in its varied temperature, in the work of captur ing its prey, in the imbibition and expulsion of the fluid necessary to respiration, it finds both employment and amusement, and in due season the love said to inflame those who eat them visits even their phiegmatic bodies.

Every one is familiar with the saying that oysters ought only to be eaten in months with an" r." It is supposed that they are unwhole-some at other times. This opinion was held by oyster enters in the middle ages. As a general rule, oysters are not in perfection between the months of May and August, though the impatience of the public has claimed the last-named month as an oyster month, and the first of September still begins the season abroad. It is certain that there is much difference among oysters as to the time of spawning and consequent fitness for food. The large oysters hawked about in the west of Ireland, we know, and in the west of England, we believe, are in excel-ient condition in the month of May. As to the wholesomeness of raw oysters in season there is hardly any difference of opinion, although we do not believe in the marvellous medicinal effects semetimes ascribed to them. They are certainly among the best and earliest nourishers after illness. Dr. Tanner ate them with avidity after his fast. Dr. Leroy, a celebrated Paris physician, was in the habit of swallowing every morning before breakfast two dozen oysters. He showed the shells to his friends, saying:

Behold the fountain of youthful strength." Orsters before breakfast are not strictly so regie. but Delmonico has served them with pleasing results. Most persons swallow or but the dainty mollusk. Mr. Bertrand says that this is a mistake. The cyster has a much finer flavor and is far more nourishing when well masticated. Mr. S. Ward always masticates. "Surely" said he "no true disciple of Apicus would swallow an orster as he would a pill!" Again he abjures a promption of the moment in the care of the message had escaped. Ore of the when eating orsters. "Those who is to enjoy this delicious restorative in the service of Anaciet Lecricue. She was gravy in the under shell. If not eaten absolutely alive, its flavor and apirit are lost. The true lover of an oyster will have some register. The true lover of an oyster will have some register to detach the fish from the shell of control when the sist to detect the fish from the shell of the site of the sit Ovsters before breakfast are not strictly es regle, but Delmonico has served them with pleasing results. Most persons swallow or bolt ou rather rudely served. Who that has heard its utmost perfection." Dr. Kitchener says. im .? What native or visitor of "dear, dirty | The true lover of an oyster will have some re-

be brought into competition in the same market with those of Ostend are the Whitstable oysters. They are larger and more like the American. The oysters of Holstein are said to be very fine and good, but scarce. They are fat, white, thick. and tender, and have a small beard, which distinguishes them from the Norwegian and Scottish oysters. The Bay of Biscay oysters have large heads. like those caught in the south of England. The beard, like the oyster itself, is grass green. The flavor, however, is very fine. French oysters, aside from the Biscays, are mainly taken from beds in the bays of Cancale and St. Brieux, from Marennes, Havre, Dieppe, and Dunkirk. The first three are highly esteemed in Paris, as are those of the Bay of Biscay in the south of France. Dutch oysters are both good and dear, and Mediterranean oysters, of which the ancients were so fond, are truly described as "little watery,

pulpy dabs. American oysters, though pronounced not so delicate of flavor by foreign oyster savans, are admitted to be superior to all others for cooking, and there are many, like Lord Rosebery the Earl of Dunraven, and G. A. Sala, who like our large oysters fully as well as the best Whitstable natives. As to which of our oysters possesses the most delicate flavor, there is a variety of opinion. Mr. S. Ward seems to favor the Blue Point. A Fulton Market dealer gives the palm to those of Norwalk Island, which will be in high flavor in about a fortnight. The Cherrystone, a small Virginia oyster, much of the coppery flavor relished in the Ostend and English natives, but it has been very poor for three or four years. For cooking, Saddle Rocks are superior to all. Last year more than 600 barrels of these oysters were sent to England, chiefly to noblemen and gentlemen who have visited this country. In Prince Albert's lifetime a barrel was always sent to Windsor Castle for Christmas. Peter B. Sweeny finds consolation in his Parisian solitude in barrels of Norwalks sent him every season.

By a convention between France and England, made in 1839, the oyster season closes on April 30 and opens on Sept. 1. A similar ordinance exists here, but in neither country has it been strictly enforced. Indeed, fishermen abroad and at home hold strongly to the belief that May and June may be added to the closing season with advantage, as oysters, especially deep sea cysters, are usually in fine condition at that time.

# A Well-Bressed Walf in a Box.

A wooden box was left on the steps of the Orphan Asylum, at Sixty-first street and Tenth avenue, yesterday, by an unknown man, who drove hastily tway in an old bogry, drawnby a broken-down horse away in an old bury, orawindy a proken-down horse. In the box, the cover of whichwas perforated, lying on a locd of blue collect batting, was a handsome buby, only a flow days old, wrapped carefully in a white flannel clock. The little garments that covered its small person were of site material. The lands was taken to March Wohl, at the Police Central Office, and was afterward transferred to the argum on Esmelli's Itland.

LOVE, LAW, AND PITRIOL.

How Social Sympathy Influences the Law in France-Women's Rights,

Paris, Aug. 23 ... "Women," wrote Diderot, are subject to an epidemic ferocity. The example of a single one draws along a multi-tude. The first one alone is a criminal; the others are diseased. Oh, women! you are very extraordinary creatures!"

During this present year the women of France seem to have been seized with an epidemic of ferocity. The last case, whother the culprit be eriminal or merely diseased according to the theory of Diderot, has brought public oxcitement to a very high pitch. The cases of epidemic ferocity to which I allude are four. The first occurred at the beginning of the year, when Mile, Marie Bière, who had achieved some success as a singer, shot her lover, M. Gentien, as he was about to enter the Opera with another lady on his arm. In this case it did not appear that M. Gentien had betrayed Marie Bière. He had simply kept her as his mistress for several years. She had had a child by him. The child had died, and at last M. Gentlen, being a gentleman of means and of fashionable habits and acquaintances, found that the laison was becoming troublesome and so he tried to break it off. Meantime Marie Bière had lost her voice. Her beauty was fading. Her child was doad, and all her hopes blighted. Then, when she found that M. Gentien had really deserted her. she lay in wait for him several days in succession, and finally succeeded in shooting him in the leg. The jury acquitted her, and public opinion pronounced the conduct of M. Gentien to be abominable. The second case is that of Virginie Helène

Dumaire, who shot her lover a few weeks ago, and who, just as the jury were about to acquit her, was sent to prison again for three months on the demand of the Public Prosecutor in order that fresh inquiries might be made. The severity of the Public Prosecutor has been very sharply criticised by many newspapers, and in public opinion kills. Dumaire is already fully acquitted. Yet she is far from being an inter-esting subject. She has amassed a good round sum by a life of gallantry, and out of this sum she lent her lover the money he needed to complete his medical studies. Now that this ambitious and inconstant Boyary has been authorized by the faculty of medicine to kill his fellow men dans les regles, according to the rules of the art, he abandons the woman to whom he owes his success, and leaves her with a child on her hands. Mile. Dumaire had recourse to the revolver, and her doctor-lover inspires so little sympathy that public opinion has acquitted her. The third case will come before the Assize Court of the Department of the Seine on Aug. 24. The crime did not attract much notice at the time when it was committed, but the trial will be followed with passionate interest. The facts are exactly parallel to those of the famous crime of the Rue de Boulogne, better known as the Widow Gras affair. The victim is a young man, Edmond Lecricque, who, having been left an orphan at an early age, was taken in and provided for by a cousin-german who lived at Reims. This cousin-german, Anaclet Lecricque. was living with a Belgian girl, Julie Moyen, who kept a little linen store at Beims. She was soon joined by a younger sister, Anne Marie Moyen, and Edmond Lecricque, following the bad example of his cousin-german, became the lover of Marie. These relations began in 1876. Edmond was 18 years of age and Marie 21. In course of time Edmond and Marie determined to come to Paris. Anaciet had preceded them, and established a factory in the Rue Tanger, in which both of factory in the Rue Tanger, in which both of them were to be employed. Edmond came direct to Paris. Marie went to Beigium to see her parents, and while in Beigium she was confined of a son. She returned to Paris in January, 1879, and began to talk to Edmond of marriage. At one time the young man promised and at another he refused, and little by little he became colder and colder toward his mistress. Meantime some honest folk at Reims were planning a marriage for the young man. Marie intercepted some of the letters and surprised the plot. The result was an open rupture. On Dec. 18, 1879, a young man knocked at Edmond's door very early in the morning. He opened it.

"Are you Monsieur Lecricque?" was the induity.

quiry.
Yes, it is I."
"I have brought a telegram for you." was the

Moyen, and when they came to Paris she had gone into service at Paris also. Marie had confided her troubles to her, and had suggested that if they could disfigure him a little, si nous l'enlaidissons un pea, the marriage might be provented. Julie Bila consented to become an accomplice in the act, and it was she who, dressed up as a man, had carried the message and thrown the vitriol. She then fled to Boigium, from whence she made her confession. Edmond Lecrique is horribly burnt and disfigured, and blinded for life. Such is the story of a woman's vengennce which will be the talk of Paris for the next nine days.

The fourth case is that which has just been tried before the court of the town of Saintee. M. do Tilly, a Count, and a descendent of an old family, after having lived as a fast student at Paris, and after having spent some time in the army as a volunteer, returned to his native town of Saintes, and led an idle and objectless life until he began to approach the age of 30. Neither his fortune nor his tastes permitted him to live at Paris, and so he resigned himself to the monotonous life of a French country gentiema—a life of emais and isolation, particularly when lack of fortune forces him to live deely. As usual in French society, when M. de Tilly was approaching the age of 30, his relatives and friends began to seek a suitable wife for him. They found, with the aid of a notary, a Mile, du Demaine, who satisfied the necessary conditions of fortune, youth, and beauty, and after the usual delays the marriage was celebrated fifteen years ago. It was, in short, a mariage deraison, the commonest of all marriages in France. Generally such marriages turn eut happy. The solidarity of interest, especially after the birth of children, brings about a community of desires and of suds. Habit does the reat, and friendship, at least, if not love, rarely fails to result. In the case of the own house. One day he made the acquaintance of a dressmaker, Marie Maréchal, who used to pase his house at Saintes every day on her Maréchal, who used to pass his house at Saintes every day on her way to her work. M. de Tilly conceived a blind pussion for this girl, and his liaison with her became a scandal in the quiet provincial town. The girl, too, was doubtless flattered to have a Count for her lover, and she gave herself such airs that she was commonly called la petite comicase. Mine de Tilly was the last to discover the relations of her husband with this girl, but when she did find them out a violent explanation followed, Matters continued in statu quo for some time. Mine, de Tilly, little by little, discovered that her husband had spent 80,000 francs on his mistress, and that he had taken these 80,000 francs out of her dowery, out of the money which she naturally looked upon as belonging to her children. Her motherly anxisty and exasperation were increased by the brutality of M. de Tilly, who reproached her with not dying quickly enough, and by his threats to marry his mistress as soon as he should be once more free. The iden that Marie Maréchal, la petite Comicsse. The iden that Marie Maréchal, a petite Comicsse. Might one day become the mother of her children worked upon Mine, de Tilly's brain, and after deliberate premeditation she bought a phial of vitrol, lay in wait for the zirl as she was going to her work, and dashed the burning fluid in her face. Marie Maréchal is horribly disfigured and almost totally blinded, and yet Mine. de Tilly was not only acquitted by the court last week, but her conduct is applicated by a large portion of the press, or at least apologized for; and if a similar case occurred to morrow there would not be found a jury in France to condemn the culprit. It has been objected that the great respect shown by the court to Mine, de Tilly, her title, and her high social position may have influenced a jury omposed, with but one exception, of peasants. No. Mine, de Tilly has treated perhaps with unusual politiness by the officials of the court, but so was Marie Bière, and so was Mile. Dumaire; and however unreal

porters. Mme, de Tilly, it may be objected, might have obtained a separation. True, but in the first place a simple separation would have implied a scandal. It would have brought diagrace or the children, and the husband might have employed various means to have all the blame of the scandal thrown on the wife. Above all, Mme, de Tilly would not have obtained exclusive care of her children, as she probably will now.

Mme, de Tilly's vengeance has created scandal enough, it is true, but in this case the scandal has had the effect of bringing the facets olight and of throwing all the edium on M. de Tilly. Above all, it will do no harm socially to the children. Marriage in France is a purely eivil and social institution, and as such it is placed under the safeguard of the proprieties, its convenances, which are much stronger than the laws. The main rule of married life is to avoid a scandal, and that is why a legal separation is rarely demanded. Adultery is much less common in middle-class life in France than a certain literature would lead us to suppose. On the other hand, provided that it is kept secret, that is to say, provided it be not paraded, affiché according to the technical expression, it is much less severely judged than the same literature would lead us to suppose, for the worst is not the thing itself but the appearance, not the violation of conjugal faith and duty but the disturbance of the social order. An observer, who is certainly impartial and competent in this matter, owing to his long residence among the French—I mean Karl Hillebrand—has said, in his interesting book on France and the French in the nineteenth century:

A woman who has one or several lovers will be able, if there has been up noise, to obtain her pardon; in any

A woman who has one or several lovers will be able. If there has been no noise, to obtain her partion; in any case sine will not be excluded from society. But an long already in order not to live in a community which seems to her a profamation of marriage, that woman, even if she do not take refuge in the arms of her lover, will he very severely indeed, and was in the lover will be very severely indeed, and will will indeed the seems to her a profamation of the result of the control of the contro

man is as biamable as the inflicitly of the woman.

But while this sentiment of justice and equality has been developed the code of laws has remained unchanged. The code of the conessances has likewise remained stationary, for although public opinion sympathizes with the victims in principle it would be found that in practice, and in particular cases between man and man, the old social prejudices still hold good.

In the recent cases of the expulsion of foreigners from France, this same tendency may have been noticed. Public opinion condomns the expulsion of foreigners in principle, but each party can find an excuse for expelling a single

party can find an excuse fo antipathetic individual whose particular case they are always ready to declare peu inderessant. They forget that the same may be their own

They forget that the same may be their own case to-morrow.

The institution of divorce in France and the legalization of the recherche de la paiernite, that is to say the establishment of literty and of responsibility in the relations between the sexes, would go a long way toward remedying the epidemic of crimes of the nature of that of Mme. la Comtesse de Tilly. But the great obstacle that both these measures encounter is the customs of the country the old prejudices against any kind of family scandal. A legal reform must be accompanied by a reform in manners and ideas. Such a reform will be the result of education and enlightenment, and therefore a question of time. Meanwhile French women who have been wronged and deceived will in all probability centinue with impunity to take justice into their own hands, which is purely and simply a return to the primitive savage state. simply a return to the primitive savage state.
Throbone Child.

# An Italian Beauty Burned to Death.

e eted that her husband find spent 80.000 francs on his mistrees, and that he had taken these 80.000 francs out of her dower, out of the money which she naturally looked upon as belonging to her children. Her motherly anxiety and exasperation were increased by the brutality of M. de Tilly, who reproduced her with not dying quickly enough, and by his threats to marry his mistrees as soon as belonging quickly enough, and by his threats to marry his mistrees as soon as he should be once more free. The idea of that Marchaila petite Comtesse, might one day become the mother of her children and worked upon Mmo, de Tilly's brain, and after decident to reach a first Marchaila petite Comtesse, might one day become the mother of her children and worked upon Mmo, de Tilly's brain, and after decident to reach the court of the press of the president of the press of the pression of the press of the pression of the press of the pression of the From the New Orleans Picayene. All Italy is mourning the tragic end of

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

A Bream of Autums. Mellow hams lowly trailing O'er the wood and meadow, veiling Sombre sties, with swallows sailing, Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping Wrecks of roms where the weening

Plaunted high, like torches flinging Plakes of flame and embers, springing From the vale the trees stand swinging In the meaning atmosphere; While in dead ning lands the lowing Of the cattle, sadder growing, Fills the sense to overflowing With the serrow of the year.

Pields of ragged stubble, tangled With rank weeds, and shocks of jangled Corn, with creats like wet plumes dangled O'er the harvest's battle plain; And the sudden whirr and whistle Of the quali that, like a missile. Whirzes over thorn and thistle. And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices hid in thickets Where the redbird stops to stick its Ruddy beak between the pickets And a sound of laughter ringing Where, within the wild vine swinging. Climb Bacchante's schoolmates flinging Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine the sunset figher Round the tilted world, and dashes Up the sloping west and splashes Its red foam against the say, Till my dream of autumo, pality Down the silence selemnly JARRE W. RELEY.

The Salesgentleman's Plon. Mr. Bditer, Sir. You will surely conour In the plea I'm about to address, To you than to those of the sex known as fair,

Of which I am support is bon servitors. I am free to allow That I think all this row About salesiadies standing so much

Is such Senumental humbur, and such poppycock guff,
That we've had near enough;
So I'd like to inform you on whom things are rough. Oh, and is the plight,

Noon, morning, and night, Of the dapper and trim young gentleman who Must woo
Fair customers' trade with smiles winning and bland. And with wave of the hand In suavest of accents their cash must demand. How their hearts are rent

By the glances of sent From optics that, past all compare Are fair! How their pulses must throb at a casual touch Of fairy hands such
As know not hard service or toil—not much.

Ah, thus comes the wear Time can never repair! The sad ravages wrought on each brow, I vow,

Demand from the store-keeping, harsh millionaire
A padded armchair To each of these victims to silent despair.

Malonie and Murphy.

AUGUSTUS MINNANCE

IMPROVED AND MODERNIERS VERSIGN OF FROM SCOTT'S NABRION. From the Dieton Post. From the Boston Post.

Malonie stood at Murphy's bear And quaffed his beer, and murmured: "Ahl Twas good! And now most noble friend, To labor I my way must wend, And for the beer that I have drank, You, Mr., most beartify I thank."
The Marphy gave his hair a poke.
First of the bear that I have drank, You, Mr., most beartify I thank."
The Marphy gave his hair a poke.
First of the bear thank, "I have the bear of the bear of

At Twenty-three.

From the Cardenati Ommereld. Life is delight, each hour that naises over comes like a maden's kisses to her lover, to mee like a maden's kisses to her lover, comes like a maden's kisses to her lover, comes like the took been of the material because to her lover. Once he heather, comes like the south of larks above the heather, or like a murmarous him in sultry weather, or like a murmarous him in sultry weather, a dreamy blies that knows no waking sorrow. A present lov that craves no happier morrow, when Love enthrais us till we have the wiser's gain; when hope is better than reality, and Faith is boundless as the boundless sea.

Let worn out evalues tell us life's a lest,
We know its levy and we feel its nest;
Let parsons languid, on fat livings, preach
That loy is something always out of reach;
Let pale saccios deen Jod's word a gin
liter mankind and wornshind to sin.
We reck not if dysacptic fools agree,
We take he had been a strong three.

But laugh such creeds to scorn at twenty-three.

What though 'tis true that youth rides swiftly past;
That if we live we wear gray hairs at last;
That the live we wear gray hairs at last;
That the keen rupture and the wild delight,
The loyous freedom of our manhood's might,
The bopes, the fears, the passion, and the glory,
Are transient leatures of a transient story,
That Love theel-youth's twin-will scarcely stay,
That Love theel-youth's twin-will scarcely stay,
That Love theel-youth's full-will stay fade ere autumn's fruits be ripening!
I'm passes on, but leaves its gifts behind,
Heat for the heart and riches for the mind.
If every year a golden apple fail,
Each year makes captive of some glorious thrall;
Truth, knowledge, virtue—all are ours to sain,
Life stretches upward to the star ours to sain,
Life stretches upward to the starry mase;
God's gates fly open at our srdent gaze,
A daming ray illumines the crystal sea,
When heaven hes near to earth at twenty-three.

An Abeurd Doctrine about Love

From the Chicago Fribone.

'Tis our love's noon of glory.
You say with similing face;
Not yet the wondrous story
For us grows commonplace.
Then, then lins, reach and kiss me,
And, fond arms, hold me—so;
For now, when you will mass me,
Is the time for me to go.

May, nay, I am not cruel— Speak not to chile or blame, Sut now, when lips are fuel, And now, when kins is flame. Before dreams lose their spendo Or canni fluids the hear That is so foul and tenior, Is the time for us to part.

Tis better to feel sorrow.
And part with tears this morn,
Than wait until to-morrow.
And part with hate and scorn. Tis better to go grieving.
With many a fond regret.
Than to deter the leaving
Till the sun of love has set.

The better to remember
Our love year in its bloom
Than to wait until November,
Dull skied and full of gloom.
This better togo freighted
With our passion, full of grace,
Than to wait till we are asted
And our love grows commonplace.
Then, dear lips, reach and kiss use,
And, fond arms, clasp me—so;
For now when you will this me,
Is the time for me to go.

Bella W

BLLA WHENLER The Dreams of Youth. From the London Graphic.

I built me a vessel long years ago.
And I fitted it out like the galleys of old;
Its sails were as white as the treal-falles snow.
And its bows were resplendent with crimson and gold.
Its bulwarks were firm, and its masts strong and tail.
And a gay-colored pennon on high was apread;
The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all.
And an image of Hope was its proud figurehead. I launched it one morn in the spring of the year.

When the breezes were low, and the sunbeams were And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear
Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of the night
to I drawned of the riches my galley would bring.
From the isnds where no bark had been ever before;
But the summer passed by, and spring were round
apring.

And my vessel returned not, also, to the shore! At leneth one dark autumn it came back to me.
But its masts were all broken, its hows were bare;
Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the sea.
And the faure of litps was no lounger there.
While it brought me for freight but the drift of the wave.
The sea flam and weeds that had lain in it long;
And I mourofully sighed as I waved on the grave
Of the drams that were bright when the's heart-beat
was strong.

CHARLES A. CLOSE.

SERING THE SHAR AT TERERAN. by Two Ugly Old Men.

From the London Daily News.

by Twe Usiy Old Mes.

Press & Lendon Dady Ness.

TEMPERAN, June 20.—I have had an opportunity of seeing his Majesty proceeding in state to visit his First Minister. Though daily, necessarily, in contact with his Minister, the Shah annually pars him three public visits to do him honor, the entire royal household as well as the sovereign being entertained at dinner.

From the door of the house, where the Shah was paying a visit, up to the mansion of the Minister, a distance of over a mile, the thoroughfare was ined with troops. Though they had taken up their position at 6 in the morning, the Shah did not appear till nearly 12 o'clock. Some half hour previous to this sundry old-fashioned carriages, drawn by a counie of horses each and driven by nondescript-looking coachmen, who to all appearances might have been royal soullions in undisguised professional costume, might be seen making their way, outside the ranks of the troops, in the direction of the Minister's residence. These carriages contained some of the principal harem favorites, and were preceded by a crowd of men in ordinary Persian civilian costume, beating the air and the ground with long ozier rods, and vociferating to the bystanders to be blind' and to turn their faces to the wall, lest by any fill luck they might catch sight of any of the "lights of the harem" in the carriages. The arrival of the Shah was horalded by the advent of a number of mounted policemen dashing along the ranks in an impetuous manner. These police, organized by the Count de Monteforte, an Italian officer, arrived at Teberan within the last two years, are very efficient in maintaining order in the captial. They were a black tunic with violet facings on coliar and cuffs, and a strice of the same color down the dark trousers. A small black cylindrical shako and long boots complete the costume, The foot police carry short sabres of a European model, that of the mounted men being longer. After the police carry short sabres of a European model, that of the mounted men being longer. A

constumed. To these succeeded some fifty oddly constumed pyrsons, proceeding at a trot on either side of the way. They were the King's running footmen.

Rach man wore a rather long-skirted red tunic, ornamented with a few scrape of gold lace sewn horizontally on the breast; a pair of dark knee breeches, white cotton stockings, and shoes with buckles and rocettes. The oddest part of the costume was the last. It was of black glassed leather, and was not unlike a fireman's heimet developing into a lancer; a caque, or the headdress worn by the eccentric pencil merchant in Faris some years ago, when he used to drive about the streets in a carriage selling his warrs. From the centre and forward and rear ends of the tail, straight creat for reaemble weew'illiam field indicates, and o reaemble weew'illiam field indicates, and to reaemble weew'illiam field indicates the field of the bead of the wearer. On all occasions when the Shah appears in public he is invariably accompanied by these comicalicoking persons, who run abead, on each side of, and behind his horse or carriage. In the midst of these rode a group of forty or fifty of the highest dignitaries of the State, including the First Minister and the Commanderin-Chief of the army, the Heesem et Beitaneh, or "Sword of the Kingdom." All these functionaries were dressed in an exceedingly piain manner. At their head rode the Shah himself, if possible still more plainly dreased than the members of the group around him. Were it not for the crimson umbrella which he carried open above his head as at emblem of supreme authority, Ishould cert.inly have been unable to make him out in the crowd. As I saw him, he seemed to me a much younger and handsomer man than his photographs would lead one to believe. Perhaps it was the glow cast by the red umbrells whi

ANOTHER SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

Colored Republicans Stoning a Democratic Procession in Wilming TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have been through West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and a great part of South Carolina. I talked with everybody about the late war, and to gratify my own curiosity, tried to extract their sentiments concerning the North. I found on all sides a disposition of kindness, and a sincere regret that there had ever been a war. 'We want to forget all about it." was a phrase used by most of those with whom I conversed. Ex-slaveholders say they get along much better

with freedmen. An era of prosperity has, apparently, set in. The cotton and tobacco crop promise well; improvements of an enduring character are noticeable in all the larger towns and general satisfaction seems to exist everywhere. A stranger, from what he can see and hear, would never suppose that the Southern people ever felt any hostility toward the people of the North. They blame the politicians of

people ever felt any hostility toward the people of the North. They blame the politicians of both sides, the extremists, for all the trouble of years ago, and say they drove the massos into conflict. Jeff Davis is very unpopular, especially in Virginia, while the memories of Lee and Jackson are idolized. One prominent Virginian said to me in Richmond: "If Jeff Davis, sir, were to run for Sheriff of this town to-morrow, sir, he wouldn't got a corporal's guard to vote for him, sir!"

A few nights ago I was an eye witness to a real Southern outrage. It is the only one I have seen or heard of. In Wilmington, N. O., the Democrats paraded the streets at night carrying torches. Hancock transparencies were pientiful and the good old flag was everywhere. Following the procession were a number of negroes. Whenever the white men in line sheered for Hancock the colored roughs, in the most exasperating way, selled lustily for Garfield. If the same thing had happened in New York there would have been a riot. Finally, failing to induce the Democrats to commit a breach of the peace, the blacks, at a certain point, stoned the procession, cutting one man's head open and inflicting slight injuries on several others. Two or three of the assaiiants were arrested and lodged in jail. This is the only Southern outrage that I have seen. I am neither a Democrat nor a Rebublican.

## A Young Girl Sleeps for Many Months, From the Daily Telegraph.

Bearcoly less astonishing than Dr. Tanner's recent feat of fasting is the condition of a
young lady, the daughter of the Mayor of
Grambke, a village near Bremon, who is said
to have been fast asleep over since the second
week in January, with the exception of a few
hours of aemi-wakefulness at intervals of from
six to eight weeks. An interesting account of
her extraordinary state is published in the
Hanceer Courier. It appears that she lies,
plunged in a profound alumber and entirely
unconsolous of all that goes on around her,
night and day, reclining on her loft side, warmly movered up and with a light gauze spread over
her head. Nourishment, chiefly in a liquid
form, is daily administered to her, which she
swallows without awaking for a second.

Bhe is a pretty, slender girl, of a pailid complexion, but she does not lose in weight during
her trances of from forty to sixty days, and,
when awake, exhibits a cheerful disposition
and an eager desire to perform such small
household tasks as her strength enables her to
fuifil. Her father is a well-to-do man, who has
consulted soveral eminent medical men, in the
hops of discovering some remedy for his
daughter's shonormal condition, which entails
serious inconvenience and constant anxiety
upon the other members of his family; but also

daughter's abnormal condition, which entails aerious inconvenience and constant anxiety upon the other members of his family; but all efforts hitherto made to keep the unlucky girl awake have resulted in total failure. Since the case of the sleeping Unian at Potsdam, no such interesting subject for study and observation on the part of the faculty has arisen as that of the strangely somnolent Burgomaster's daughter of Grambke.

# Assailed with a Corn Cob.]

Alexander Muir was accused in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterds; of telephoasir assenting John Needwertz. The examination showed that the weapen used was a corn cob, and Muir was discharged. a cupation to neutily to tr-ing date.

THE GAME OF POKER,

A Judicial Opinion of Importance to the

From the Nashville American.

Justice Creighton yesterday rendered a decision in the case of L. Lyman, who sued Dennia McCarty for money alleged to have been lost in a game of poker. As will be seen from the decision which is published below. Justice Creighton decides that under section 1,771 of the Code a party may recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of chance, but cannot recover money lost at a game of the the third provides of the code. The plaintiff, therefore, is muleted for the cest.

This is an action breught by L. Lyman, plaintiff, against Dennis McCarty and James Palmer, to recover of the defendants money which the plaintiff says he lost at a game of cards at a place known as "The Sonato," on two several occasions, the 26th of last June and "last Wednesday night week." The suit is brought under section 1.771 of the Code, which authorizes any person who has paid money lost at any game to recover it by action commenced within thirty days from the time of such payment." The testimony of the plaintiff is that on June 26 last he was engaged with others in agame of "poker" and lost 1196, and on last Wednesday night week, in company with six others, he lost at the same kind of a game of cards \$258; that the defendant, McCarty, won this money from him. Palmer was not present and did not participate in the game. He says that McCarty won \$258 in chins from him on one hand, and that McCarty dealt the cards and "rang in a coid deck on him." He had been winning up to that time, and cannot tell how much money of his own he had "staked." but the "chips." comprising what he had previously won, represented \$258 in chins from him on one hand, and that McCarty dealt the game was not "square," and a "coid "deck of oards was used on him.

The defendant, McCarty, testifies that the plaintiff that at the lime p

son that the plaintiff told witness that after the loss of the \$258 he was still \$18 winner in the game.

This, in brief, is the proof in cause. So far from there being any evidence to show that Palmer was interested in the game, the contrary clearly appears. Whether the game was "agnare," or round, or long, or short, has nothing to do with the case, nor whether the deck was "eold" or hot, or whatever may have been the temperature of the cards at the time. But I take it that these are but gambling phrases to show that the game was unfair, and not left purely to chance. It makes no difference if the money is lost on a game called fair, that is left entirely to chance. It makes no difference if the money so lost and paid. The question therefore to be decided is, Did the plaintiff lose anything? and did these defendants, or either of them, win and receive it? All gambling contracts are yold by statute, and communicate no title to the winner. Now, if the plaintiff in a game of cards with others, first wins a sum of money from some of the parties and then loses it to another, I say he cannot recover it back, because he is invoking the aid of the courts to sustain his winnings so that he may recover of the last winner; but if he lost any of his ewa money he can recover that, whatever it may be. The question is, What did he lose? and in this reckoning his winnings are not to be considered, for the law only authorizes him to recover that he won from McCarty \$162-as McCarty avers and plaintiff denies—and the \$199 which he says he previously lost to McCarty, and which is also denied; and there being no other proof, I give judgment for defendants against plaintiff for costs.

Brigham Young's Pet Daughter.

### Brigham Young's Pet Daughter. From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

At the table of one of the principal Chicago hotels, yesterday, might have been seen a particularly handsome and attractive looking woman, with a complexion of great beauty, abundant goiden hair, and a set of the most perfect teeth, which shone like pearls when she smiled. She was dressed in extremely good taste in a fashionably made dress of black brocade and satin, with borderings of crimson satin. Her white hands displayed several elegant and costly rings, and her shapely arm was set off to good advantage by the rich lace of her short elbow sleeves. She was a woman who would have attracted attention anywhere by her pleasing appearance and attractive manners. Had it been generally known that this was Dora Young, the favorite daughter of the great Mormon apostic, and one of the seven children who prosecuted to successful issue the suit against his estate, receiving a large amount of money and property, the interest she excited in the minds of observers might have been unpleasantly intensified. Dora Young, until two years ago, was never out of Sait Lake City. Until two years see she scarcely ever saw a book except her school books and the Mormon Rible. Until about that time she was a firm believer in the Mormon Church, but she has voluntarily forsaken her early home and connections, and intends making her home in some of the States. The suc-At the table of one of the principal Chicago early home and connections, and intends making her home in some of the States. The successful termination of her suit against her father's estate has made her mistress of a

father's estate has made her mistress of a handsome competence, and, to use her own ex-pression, she feels like a bird who finds for the first time that it can use its wings beyond the confines of its eage.

Of course all who meet her regard her with a degree of earnest curiosity. One thing sur-prises them all—that a young woman, sourcely more than a kirl, who was born and reared in Brigham Young's harem, should be so entirely Brigham Young's harem, should be so entirely at her case in general society. Her manners are without the least shadow of self-consciousness, and are very pleasant and winning; her use of language is fluent, and she expresses horself with great accuracy, correctness, and case. Naturally, all who converse with her are anxious to learn about the beculiar institution, and what the feelings of so gentle and refined a lady must be toward Mormon principles and practices.

and what the feelings of so gentle and refined a lady must be toward Mormon principles and practices.

In the first place, while abhorring their polygamous doctrines and practices, she has no animosity toward those among whom she has grown up. Her mother was the seventh wife of Brigham Young, and was an elegant and fashionable woman, whom her husband was fond of presenting to strangers or taking to fashionable assemblages. In reply to the questions of some ladies to whom she was introduced she said: My mother was devotedly attached to my father. She worshiped the ground he walked on. Bhe has never been herself since his death."

"How many wives were in the house which was your home?"

"I was brought up among the wives and children in the Lion House. There were saventeen wives and about forty or forty-two children."

"Did your father notice and seem attached to all his children?"

"He knew and noticed all of them; but he was much more attached to some than to others. I was one of his favorites, and I loved him be-

all his children?"

"He knew and noticed all of them; but he was much more attached to some than to others. I was one of his favorites, and I loved him beyond anything that words can tell. When he died, I wanted to die, too, He used to come in the evening to hold family prayers in the large room used for that purpose, and if one of the children was missing he would send for it. The statement that is sometimes made that my father did not know all his children, is false; he knew them all by name, and caressed them all. He used to take me with him in his journeys up and down the Territory, and I can assure you I had a nice time. Every induigence, every attention, was lavished upon me. My father had a way when he had anything nice for me of giving the cutesilittle wink, and calling me to him with a grature, saying: Look here what I ve got for my daughter Dora. Won't we have a nice time? He was the most magnetic person I ever knew or heard of. Every touch of his hand—and he had a beautiful; soft, white inand—was a carcea, Ah, "asid the landy earnessity." I can feet the touch of his hand to this day."

"So your brothers and sisters all grew up is one house?"

"Yes, we were all one family. The house was just like a large hotel, and we had a school "Yes, we were all one family. The house was just like a large hotel, and we had a school room built on purpose for us."
Who took charge of and managed for this large family?"

large family?"
Well, we generally had a housekeeper but sometimes one of the wives would do it. These there were pleaty of servants. It was just like

a hotel."

"Did the wives live pleasantly together?"

"There was an outward semblance of good will, but in reality the Mormon wives hate each other with deadly hatred. This alone is one of the most evident evil effects of the dreadful system, this hatred that exists under roofs called homes, which are often perfect hells, and scenes of the most diegraceful quarrels.

Ostrich Farming in California.

From the San Francisco News Letter.

I nm about starting an ostrich farm in the San Joaquin valley. Due must start in with good birds poor birds are like scrub cattle. Then, abe, the right kind of farm, with planty of good feed sid water, is see easary. Then, with a certain amount of gumption, one pearly. Then, while a certain amount of ginipuos, we need not tail.

Ostruch instructing, carried on properly, is very profitable. A good reather bird will produce from \$50 to \$12, work of teathers every eight months, and the breeding birds will nest four times per year. Instructing the pair on As average of twenty thicknessed time which are worth. I the old birds are good ones, \$50 to \$50 at two weeks old them, as they advance in each tay so advance in with the cold that of the area of the period of the cold that of the period of the meater, the per